

WEATHER FORECAST

Fair tonight and Friday not much change in temperature.

VOL. 3. NO. 74.

Greencastle Herald.

GREENCASTLE, INDIANA, THURSDAY, JUNE 25, 1908.

PRICE ONE CENT

THEOLOGY AT COURT HOUSE

Temple of Justice is Metamorphosed Into a Forum for the Discussion of Theological Dogma and the Value of Creeds.

OFFICIALS WAGE WORDY WAR

The court house was the scene of wordy war this morning, when the various officials left their offices and joined in eruptive debate on questions of theology. The cause of this sudden interest in this subject, usually so foreign to court house discussion, has been traced to the advent of the Mormons here, and their rendition of scripture and statements of theological theory. At any rate the arguments begun by one or two, attracted more and more till the hall was full of gesticulating men and listening women.

It is not recorded whether the debate reached any issue or not. Be

T.H.I.&E. Tra.Co

Round Trip Rates

Sunday, June 28

Indianapolis 75c
Terre Haute 75c

Tickets good on all trains going and returning Sunday.
For further information call on local agent. Phone 323.

We Offer for Sale

The following Greencastle properties listed with us. Come in if you want to buy a home or an investment and we will show you what we have and give you prices. If you buy through our agency we will furnish money on long or short time, at a low rate, and give you the privilege of making partial payment at any interest period.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 12 room House on south College ave. | 6 room Cottage on Jackson st. |
| 7 room Cottage on east Poplar st. | 8 room Cottage, large grounds, south College ave. |
| 6 room Cottage on Bloomington st. | 7 room House, large lot, south Locust st. |
| 10 room House on E. Seminary st. | 10 room House, on Olive st. |
| 9 room House on E. Seminary st. | 12 room House on East Hanna st. |
| 10 room House on Bloomington st. | 8 room Cottage on east Hanna st. |
| 7 room House on S. College ave. | 10 room House near College on Hanna st. |
| 6 room Cottage on south College ave. | 6 room Cottage, large lot, on Ill. st. |
| 6 room Cottage on east Hanna st. | 5 room Cottage, new, on Berry st. |
| 12 story brick House W. Franklin st. | 9 room fine residence, near public square. |
| 7 room House, 6 acres, ground, well located. | 8 room modern in every way, on Poplar st. |
| 6 room Cottage on W. Walnut st. | 8 room modern in every way, on Poplar st. |
| 10 room fine brick Residence, one acre ground. | 12 story Residence, good as new, south Locust st. |
| 8 room brick Residence near public square. | |

BUSINESS ROOMS

- | | |
|---------------------------------|------------------|
| 1 on west side of public square | 1 on Jackson st. |
| 1 business block on Indiana st. | |

We also have listed some fine building lots worth the money.

The Central Trust Company



Cool Summer Clothes

For Blistering Days

Two-piece Suits, comfortably thin...\$5.00 to \$15.00
Single Coats—alpaca, serge, etc...\$1.00 to \$5.00 each
Odd Trousers in the lightest weights, worsteds and flannels...\$2.50 to \$6.00 pair

Straw Hats, Soft Shirts, Wash Ties, Cool Underwear. All warm weather dress necessities.

Wash Suits for little fellows 2½ years to 8 years. All Prices. All Colors

The Model Clothing Co

A TRAVELER IS STRICKEN

Old Gentleman, Who Took Early Morning Interurban Car to Harmony Suffers Stroke of Paralysis in that Town—Is on His Way to Visit in Missouri.

STAYED IN GREENCASTLE ALL NIGHT

A man by the name of Morton who stayed over night here last night and took the early morning interurban car to Harmony was stricken with paralysis at that town this morning. After getting off at Harmony the man started up the National road. He had gone only a short distance when stricken.

The victim was carried to Dr. Young's office. He was not totally unconscious and managed to tell the doctor that his name was Morton and that he stayed here all night. His home, however, is not here.

The man is quite old and has a long white beard. He carried a small grip and said he was on his way to Missouri. Morton bought a ticket here early this morning for Harmony. Agent Bartley was asked to learn anything he could about the man, but Mr. Bartley was unable to learn where he had stayed last night or get any clues regarding his identity.

JUNE WEDDINGS

KING-HUTCHESON

On Wednesday evening June 24, at 8:30 o'clock occurred the marriage of Daniel A. Hutcheson and Miss Gertrude A. King, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John King who reside about seven miles west of Greencastle. The couple is one held in highest esteem in Washington township, representing two of the best families in Putnam county. A company of about 100 guests and relatives were present to extend congratulations. The ceremony was performed while the couple stood facing the large company who were assembled in the yard.

Swinging Japanese lanterns lit up the entire premises and added greatly to the pleasure of the occasion. The bride wore a handsome dress of Persian lawn and carried a beautiful bunch of bride's roses. The groom wore a handsome suit of black.

J. M. Rudy, pastor of the Christian church of Greencastle performed the ceremony.

The groom is a prosperous young farmer and one of the well known citizens, Philip Hutcheson. He is a brother of Dr. Hutcheson of Greencastle.

The bride is a sister of Dr. King of Greencastle. The large number of beautiful presents bestowed the esteem in which these young people are held.

They will make their home near

Hutcheson Station where the groom's new house awaits the arrival of its happy occupants.

JOHNSON-BARNETT

On June the 14 occurred the marriage of Charles Johnson and Miss Elsie Barnett by Rev. Anderson at their home in Reelsville at ten o'clock the groom having the home neatly furnished before hand. The only witnesses to the ceremony were the parents and Dr. Zaring and wife, Mrs. Mollie McCullough of Terre Haute and Miss Maude Barnett of Indianapolis. Miss Barnett wore a beautiful white all over lace made over white muslin. Hat and gloves matched her traveling suit a beautiful black silk. They started for New Paris on the wedding tour and will be gone about a month. Mr. Johnson came from New Paris four years ago to Reelsville and since that time has been operator at that place. Mr. Johnson is a highly educated and well respected young man. The bride received an expensive and beautiful set of silver-ware of thirty pieces from the groom.

Mr. Johnson has a beautiful home of his own in New Paris which he will occupy some time in the future. Miss Barnett is the 17 years old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Barnett of Reelsville.

She was a highly respected and beautifully young lady. She was called the belle of the neighborhood. Mr. Johnson is lucky in winning so worthy young bride. We wish them a long and happy life.

HOUGHLAND-STRENNIS

A quiet home wedding occurred at the home of D. E. Badger on North Jackson street last evening when Mr. Badger's step-daughter, Miss Grace Houghland, was united in marriage to Mr. Rudolph Strennis of Indianapolis. The only guests were the relatives of the bride and groom. At 8 o'clock the wedding march was rendered by Miss Minnie Kurtz and the bride and groom unattended, went to their place in the parlor, and the brief but impressive ceremony was repeated by Dr. H. A. Gobin.

Mr. and Mrs. Strennis left last night on the 9:15 car for Indianapolis, where they will make their home. Mrs. Strennis was for the past year or more employed in Indianapolis and the wedding is the culmination of a Capital City acquaintance. Mr. Strennis is a business man of that city being a shoe-dealer there. Mr. Strennis' parents also, of Indianapolis were present at the wedding returning to the city last night.

QUIGG-MITCHELL

Miss Mary Quigg was married yesterday morning at nine o'clock at St. Joseph's Indianapolis to Mr. Chester Mitchell of Sullivan, by Father Davis of Indianapolis. Miss Quigg's sister Miss Rose Quigg and Mr. Thompson of Sullivan were the attendants. After the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served at the home of the bride. Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell left yesterday afternoon for Kentucky where they will visit with relatives of Mr. Mitchell's for a few days before going to Sullivan, Ind., where they will make their home.

Mrs. Mitchell's parents resided in this county for a number of years and Mrs. Mitchell herself is well known in this city.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

When the dimpled baby's hungry, what does baby do
It doesn't lie serenely and merely sweetly coo;
The hungry baby bellows with all its little might
Till someone gives it something to curb its appetite;
The infant with the bottle which stills its fretful cries
A lesson plainly teaches—it pays to advertise.
The lamb lost on the hillside when darkness closes round,
Stands not in silence trembling and waiting to be found;
Its plaintive bleating echoes across the vales and meads,
Until the shepherd hears it, and hearing, kindly heads.
And when its fears are ended, as on his breast it lies,
The lamb has made this patent.
It pays to advertise. Chicago Record-Herald.

DAMAGES AGAINST BIG FOUR

Husband of Woman Who Was Run Over at Crossing at Perth and Injured so Badly That She Died, is Awarded a Verdict For \$5,500 By Clay County Jury.

A LOCAL ATTORNEY IN SUIT

S. A. Hays this morning received a message from Brazil informing him that a verdict for \$5,500 against the Big Four railroad and the Wash Construction company had been rendered by the jury at Brazil in favor of William Clark, who's wife was killed in a railroad accident at Perth in November 1906.

Mrs. Clark was struck by a train at the crossing at Perth and both legs were cut off. She died as the result of the accident. Her husband as administrator of her estate sued the railroad and the Construction Co which was doing work on the Big Four at that point at the time of the accident, for \$10,000 damages. S. A. Hays and Judge McGregor of Brazil were attorneys for Mr. Clark.

HOME CIRCLE ELECTS OFFICERS

The following officers were elected last night by the Protected Home Circle at their regular meeting: President, Albert Harbison. Vice-president, William Shamel, Wade Wood. Secretary, Edna Stiles. Chaplain, Mrs. W. M. Sutherland. For Guardian, Ella Myers. Companion, Mrs. Marion Hinkle. Guide, Marion Hinkle. Sentinel, Mrs. Eli Pruitt. Watchman, Amos Hibbs. Trustees, Eli Pruitt, Dr. W. M. Sutherland and Dr. W. W. McGaughey. Accountant, W. M. Sutherland.

BOARD TO ROACHDALE

The Board of Review this afternoon went to Roachdale to make an examination of several pieces of property there for assessment purposes. They will return this evening. The work of the Board is practically complete, only a few small matters remaining to be attended to before adjournment on next Tuesday.

A party of twenty or more young women made up a picnic party, and went a hay-ride to Fern today.

SINGLE COPIES HERALD 2c

Beginning July 1st all single copies of the Herald will be sold at 2 cents. The Herald is on sale at the Sayers Book Store, Langdon Book Store, the Badger & Green Drug Store and at the Herald office.
The price by carrier will remain the same 6 cents a week. Single copies by carrier will be 2 cents.

TO PICNIC AT ROACHDALE

Meeting of Delegates From the Several I. O. O. F. Lodges in Putnam County Yesterday—Plans for Big Celebration to Be Held Wednesday July 29 Perfected.

NINE LODGES IN THE COUNTY

Frank Crawley, as a delegate from the Greencastle lodge of Odd Fellows went to Roachdale yesterday to meet with delegates from the other lodges in the county. It is expected that a low picnic, the picnic, it was decided, will be held in Roachdale, Wednesday July 29.

There are nine lodges of I. O. O. F. in the county it is expected that a record breaking crowd will attend the event. Good speakers will be secured and other attractions will be provided. The committees to make arrangements for the picnic were appointed yesterday. Mr. Crawley is a member of the music committee.

DEATH OF D. P. DOWNS

Word was received this morning announcing the death of Dennis P. Downs, in Terre Haute. His death occurred at 4 o'clock this morning. Mr. Downs was the son of Mr. and Mrs. James Downs of this city. He formerly lived here but has been on railroad work in Terre Haute for many years. He leaves a widow and five children. The funeral arrangements are not known here.

Marshall Reeves went to New Maysville Tuesday and arrested two boys charged with fast driving. Their names are Oscar Liddick and Roy Mills. The boys gave bond for their appearance here before the mayor. Each will plead guilty to the charge, the Marshall says. They will be here tomorrow to pay their fine.

Marshall Reeves went to Brazil on business this morning. He left on an early morning train.

ANNOUNCE NEW TEACHERS

Resignations of Three of the Greencastle School Instructors Accepted, Miss Louis Pigman, Mrs. Delphine Dunn and Prof. J. V. Clark.

ONE IS FOR THE HIGH SCHOOL

The resignations of Miss Katherine Daggy, as teacher and Ward Principle in the local Public Schools, Miss Jesse A. Muir, as drawing instructor, and Miss Stella Worthington as teacher of English and German in the High School have been accepted and their successors have been announced.

Miss Daggy who goes west to accept a position, is to be succeeded by Prof. J. V. Clark of Terre Haute. Miss Miller has taken a position in Maine and Miss Delphine Dunn of Rushville will succeed her. Miss Pigman, who will succeed Miss Worthington is a DePauw graduate and is well known here. Last year she taught in Brazil. Miss Worthington resigned in order to secure a position where she will teach nothing but German.

DEATH OF ELVINE EADS

The death of Mrs. Elvine Eads, wife of Carl Eads, occurred yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock at her home at Brunerstown. Mrs. Eads was 93 years old. The funeral was this afternoon at the home at 4:00 o'clock. Burial was in the Pleasant Hill Cemetery.

Mrs. Eads leaves two brothers, Joe Furney, who lives in Kansas, and Peter Furney of Fern, and one sister Mrs. Ratcliff, of Denver.

DEATH OF MRS. DARNALL

Mrs. Alice Darnall, who is well known to many Greencastle people, died yesterday in Chicago. The body was brought today to Bainbridge and will be buried at Brick Chapel.

NEAT CLOTHES

THAT'S WHAT

This is the particular advantage offered by.

ROY JACKSON

Both in French Dry Cleaning and Pressing.

Bayne Block.
Phone 655.

Our Sale of Ladies' Lingerie

Why the Sale What the Inducement?

Not the accumulation of odd designs and unsalable styles from the stock of the past season—NOT A BIT OF IT!

EVERY GARMENT fresh from the best manufacturers in the land. No sweatshop rubbish from the dingy lofts of the tenement houses.

JUST THE REVERSE

It is the cleanest of underwear, fresh from clean, well-ventilated factories. It is the perfection underwear, cut by the best skilled artists of the cutting table. Remarkable values caused the purchase for the big sale.

Plain Figured Facts of Economy is the Powerful Inducement we offer to the throngs of buyers who attend this sale.

- | | |
|-------------------|-----|
| 25c Corset Covers | 19c |
| 25c Drawers | 19c |
| 50c Corset Covers | 38c |
| 50c Drawers | 38c |
| 50c Gowns | 38c |

In fact you can buy any of our Muslin Underwear at 75 cents on the dollar.

VERMILION'S

THE HERALD

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 Established 1858
 The official county paper, sent to any address in the United States, for \$1.00 a year—Payable strictly in advance.

Entered as second class mail matter at the Greencastle, Ind. Postoffice.
 Telephone, No. 65

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET

GOVERNOR,
 Thomas R. Marshall, Columbia City
 LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR,
 Frank J. Hall, Rushville.
 JUDGE OF SUPREME COURT,
 M. B. Laird, Logansport.
 ATTORNEY GENERAL,
 Walter J. Lotz, Muncie.
 SECRETARY OF STATE,
 James F. Cox, Columbus.
 AUDITOR OF STATE,
 Marion Bailey, Lizton.
 TREASURER OF STATE,
 John Iseabarger, N. Manchester.
 APPELLATE JUDGE,
 E. W. Felt, Greenfield.
 REPORTER SUPREME COURT,
 Burt New, North Vernon.
 STATE STATISTICIAN,
 P. J. Kelleher, Indianapolis.
 STATE SUPERINTENDENT,
 Robert J. Aley, Bloomington.

PUTNAM COUNTY TICKET

REPRESENTATIVE,
 D. B. Hostetter,
 TREASURER,
 Jasper Miller,
 SHERIFF,
 Frank Stroube.
 COMMISSIONER, THIRD DIST.
 Ed Houck.
 CORONER,
 R. J. Gillespie,
 SURVEYOR,
 Alec Lane.
 COMMISSIONER, 2nd DIST.
 George E. Raines.

JOINT DISTRICT TICKET

FOR CONGRESS
 Ralph Moss
 FOR PROSECUTOR
 James P. Hughes.
 FOR JOINT SENATOR
 F. C. Tilden.

GROVER CLEVELAND

The death of Grover Cleveland has been the signal for a universal outburst of eulogy from the press of both parties over the entire United States. Republican papers that had taken part against him in the disgraceful campaign of 1882, Democratic papers that had turned from him because of his attitude toward silver, all unite now to call him great. Some place him next to Lincoln. All praise him as a man of honesty of purpose, a friend of the people, doing what he thought right in spite of the criticism of foes and the advice of friends. This all makes plain what we are at times apt to forget, that Grover Cleveland was a great Democrat. A true Democrat is one who strives for what he believes is right and just. It matters not now that he has been accused, in the heat of political strife, of betraying the people to the big interests. Calm consideration makes plain that this was not so. What ever Mr. Cleveland did we may be sure he did after long thought and for what he believed was the best for the country. He had a right to his opinions, as others to theirs, but this right is usually forgotten during a political struggle, and the party that had elected him in 1892 turned from him in 1896.

Few men have stood greater strain while in high office. Entering the White-house in 1893 he found himself confronted by a panic, the result of Republican tampering with the money of the country, even as is the panic of 1907. With congress against him, without the support of

DEMOCRATIC NEWS

What Good Democrats Over the State Are Saying About Things Political in Indiana And Elsewhere.

The following is taken from a letter written by James P. Hornaday, staff correspondent of the Indianapolis News:

"In this connection it may be said that General William R. Nelson, editor of the Kansas City Star, an independent Republican newspaper served notice yesterday morning on some of the Taft leaders that if Sherman was nominated for vice-president he would refuse to support the ticket. He declared that it was bad enough to surrender everything on the platform. Nelson met Charles P. Taft brother of the secretary of war, and in the presence of men, declared with vehemence that the Republican ticket would not have his support during the campaign. He stated in a tone loud enough for a hundred to hear him that the White House had told him Thursday that the administration was for Cummins and not for Sherman and that the governor was to be the nominee.

"Nelson declared that he had the assurance that the support of the powers at Washington was being extended to Cummins, and that his nomination could depend upon. But nomination could be depended upon. But the selection of Sherman, he exclaimed, with much feeling proved that the convention was under the control of the reactionary wing of the party, and for that reason he intended to bolt the ticket."

Both Roosevelt and Taft have said that they favored a law requiring the publication of campaign contributions. Were they sincere? Well, let's see. The platform adopted at Chicago was written under their eyes

many of his own party, he fought the panic down, and had prosperity well on its way when he turned over the country to Mr. McKinley. We can't but repeat in closing what we said in the beginning, the country has lost a great Democrat and a great man.

Mr. Ellis, author of the anti-injunction plank of the Republican platform has made a wrathful attack upon Mr. Bryan because the Nebraskan denounced the plank as ambiguous and calculated to deceive. It is interesting to note that nearly all the fearless Republican papers of the country speak as Mr. Bryan did. Ellis says:

The charge that the Republican declaration with respect to the use of the writ of injunction was designed to "deceive the laboring men" is unworthy of a candidate for President. The anti-injunction resolution is a frank, clear statement of the Republican party's position on a question on which others have been attempting to deceive labor.

On this statement the Indianapolis News remarks:

And yet so clear-headed and conservative a paper as the New York Times characterizes the plank as follows:

The interests of the candidate himself are ill served by the anti-injunction plank, which compounded of dishonesty to labor and of insults to the courts.

And the New York Globe and Advertiser, which is not given to great extravagance of speech, declares:

Drawn to propitiate both elements it is calculated to disgust both. If the purpose is to insert a vote-catcher in the platform this plank is a failure, for it is calculated to repel both radical and conservative. Studied indefiniteness is an advertisement of insincerity that excites derision and contempt.

Many other papers that try to see straight have reached similar conclusions about this wonderful plank. Perhaps after all Mr. Bryan is nearer right about it than the official platform writer.

In the Chinese morgue one of the strange sights is a number of life size dolls which are burned to accompany the corpses as their servants to the next world. They are doubtless a relic of the time when human beings were thus burned as companions of the deceased.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve Wins.

Tom Moore, of Rural Route 1, Cochran, Ga., writes: "I had a bad sore come on the instep of my foot and could find nothing that would heal it until I applied Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Less than half a 25-cent box won the day for me by affecting a perfect cure." Sold under guarantee at the Owl Drug Store.

and it was carried to Chicago with orders to adopt it as it stood. They had absolute control of the committee on resolutions and of the convention. The committee refused to insert a publicity plank in the platform. Congressman Cooper of Wisconsin, a LaFollette delegate, took a minority report into the convention in which he asked that there should be inserted in the platform planks favoring publicity in the campaign contributions, the election of United States senators by a direct vote, the physical valuation of railroads as a basis for fixing just rates, and other reforms. All of these propositions were voted down in the convention. The vote on the publicity plank was 880 against it and 94 for it; the vote on popular election of senators was 886 against and 114 for it; the vote on the valuation of railroads was 917 against and 66 for it. And so it went. And then the convention nominated a trust man, standpatter, anti-reformer, a collector of campaign bodle. It was Roosevelt and Taft's convention that did all this. What does the honest voter think of it?

Sherman for vice-president! And who is Sherman? He lives in Utica, N. Y. He has been a member of congress for many years. He is president of a trust company and a director in six banks. He is the head of an ice trust and the friend of all the other trusts. He is a stand-patter on the tariff and has opposed every proposed reform while he has been in congress. His nomination is proof that the Republican managers think they can fool the people all the time.

Wagner's Portrait.

When Wagner was in England supervising the first production of his operas the music enthusiasts commissioned the artist Herkimer to paint the musician's portrait, but Wagner was dashing about in such a state of frenzy that he repelled impatiently every attempt to get him to give a "sitting." Still, Herkimer stuck to him like a limpet, fed him, walked and talked with him, watched him conduct his orchestra, write music and read books. At last, when every attempt to secure a "sitting" had failed, Herkimer rose early one morning, painted with frenzied speed all day, spent a short night in restless sleep, rose early again and painted furiously, till on the second evening he sat down exhausted—but with his picture finished. Wagner was called in and threw up his hands in amazement. "Ah!" he cried. "Wonderful! That is exactly how I would like to look if I could."

Why Kelly Didn't Sleep.

"One night I went in late to Father Dempsey's hotel. Every bed was full, and there were 200 men sleeping on the floor of the recreation room. Each one of them had a newspaper under him to keep off the dust of the floor. I pointed to one little Irishman and remarked that he did not seem to be resting well.

"What's your name, my man? Father Dempsey asked him.

"Thomas Kelly, your reverence."

"You don't seem to be resting well, Mr. Kelly."

"I'll get to sleep after awhile, your reverence," he answered.

"I don't believe you will unless you change your bed. You're sleeping on a Westliche Post," answered Father Dempsey.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Caught the General.

One of the regular army officers tells a story of how the old stringent army regulations once went against General Scott. One wet afternoon that soldier was caught in the rain in Washington. He was in full uniform and was well known, so no cab being near, he borrowed an umbrella. Arriving at his hotel, an underofficer approached him and calmly remarked:

"General, you will consider yourself under arrest for eight days for carrying an umbrella while in full uniform."

His Solitude.

"Is it a fact that your mother-in-law threw herself out of the third story window and you did nothing to restrain her?"

"Excuse me, I went to the first story to catch her, but she had already passed."—Diavolo Rosa.

It is not what we have, but what we can do without, that makes us rich. Socrates, seeing a large loaf of valuables pass one day, exclaimed, "I am most happy, for there are so many things that I do not want!"

The Maroon Monster.

Friend—I suppose you run down a great many people? Motorist—Well, sometimes I run them up. Friend—Run them up? Motorist—Yes; last night I ran two men up a tree.—Chicago News.

How Long Do Dreams Last?

How long do dreams last? A German savant is investigating the matter. But there is scarcely a doer who could not give him points and has not dreamed centuries in seconds. The dream, it may be stated, comes in the few seconds before the awakening and has no relation to time or space. This is clear enough to the man who has ever been placed under an anaesthetic for a short while and found time and space eliminated.

As an experiment this writer was placed under a whiff of chloroform by a doctor. Absolute unconsciousness supervened, then a return of consciousness, the questions of the universe, up through layers of consciousness, with always the feeling, "Now I have solved it," and the "No" and the "Yes" alternating through centuries of thought, and then the quizzical face of the doctor, remembered after a million years. "How long have you been under?" The experimenter struggled up and saw the doctor with his watch in hand. "Ten seconds," the doctor said, and the dreamer had been outside time for a time that has no measure.—London Chronicle.

A Great Artist Enraged.

Alma-Tadema has told a story of the fate of two unsuccessful pictures of his student days. One of them was returned unsold by the committee of the Brussels exhibition in 1859. The subject was a house on fire, with people rescuing the victims. The artist's fellow students were asked into Alma-Tadema's studio and were invited to jump through the canvas, the owner of it leading the way by leaping head first through the oily flames.

The other unsuccessful effort was a large sized square picture that came back again and again to its creator's easel until at last it was cut out of its frame and given to an old woman to use as a table cover.

The picture was praised by at least one person who appreciated its excellence, so Alma-Tadema used to declare, for the old woman was wont to remark that it was much better than those common oilcloth things that always let the water through, as the picture of Alma-Tadema's making was a good thick one, with plenty of paint on it.—Minneapolis Journal.

The Supposed Life on Mars.

Not only do the observations we have scanned lead us to the conclusion that Mars at this moment is inhabited, but they land us at the further one that these denizens are of an order whose acquaintance was worth the making. Whether we ever shall come to converse with them in any more instant way is a question upon which science at present has no data to decide. More important to us is the fact that they exist, made all the more interesting by their precedence of us in the path of evolution. Their presence certainly ousts us from any unique or self-centered position in the solar system, but so with the world did the Copernican system the Ptolemaic, and the world survived this deposing change. So may man. To all who have a cosmopolitan breadth of view it cannot but be pregnant to contemplate extra mundane life and to realize that we have warrant for believing that such life now inhabits the planet Mars.—Professor Lowell in Century.

A Big Snowfall.

The heaviest fall of snow that ever took place in England occurred in 1615. The snow commenced falling on the 16th of January, 1615, and continued every day until the 12th of March following. It covered the earth to such a depth that passengers, both horse and foot, passed over gates, hedges and walls, which had been obliterated by the white sheet. On the 12th of March it began to decrease and so by little and little consumed and wasted away till the 28th of May.

A heavy fall occurred in Scotland in 1620, the snow falling thirteen days and nights with little or no intermission.

One of the heaviest falls on a single day occurred on the 21st of February, 1762, the snow in some places being from ten to twelve feet deep.

He Kept Count.

A famous animal trainer was talking to a reporter in New York. He said: "The secret of animal training is gentleness. Nothing sudden or brusque must be done. An unexpected caress may anger an animal more than a kick in the ribs. Sudden, brusque, unexpected things never go, no matter how well they are meant. Once I was showing in Scotland. We trainers supped one night with a Scotch admiral. The old man was the soul of hospitality, but I admit I was rather startled when he leaned toward me and said: 'Stick in, man Conklin, stick in. Yer frien' Coot's two muffs aheid o' ye.'"

Translated.

"Habillments for infants" is a sign in a clothing store in Boston. A western visitor, seeing it, stopped in amazement.

"What does that mean?" he asked his better acquainted fellow westerner.

"That?" said the other. "Oh, that is Boston dialect for kids' duds."—Housewife.

Silenced.

Dad (severely)—And look here, Ethel, you mustn't encourage that young man to stay so late every night. It's disgraceful. What does your mother say about it? Ethel—She says men haven't altered a bit, dad.

Don't try to take up all the room in the middle of the road. There are numerous travelers on the highway who need a little room themselves.—Atlanta Constitution.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE HERALD

Sanderson's ... Strategy.

By CECILY ALLEN.

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"Well, of all the unpropitious and inconsiderate times to ask such a question!" cried Judith Brainard. "No one but you, Dick Sanderson, would have chosen it."

Her tones were almost wrathful, and Sanderson shifted his gaze from her mobile face to the top of his stick, which he twirled idly.

"The idea of asking me for the 'tenth time to marry you just as I was trying to decide whether to borrow a lemonade bowl and glasses from Mrs. Drake or from the Bennington girls!"

Judith pursued her troubled way, with romance pushed far into the background.

"I guess it had better be from Mrs. Drake, because she's right next door, though the Bennington bowl is much handsomer."

Dick Sanderson rose abruptly and towered above the girl of his heart.

"I think that it is all nonsense, and I wish that you'd let your career go to pot. As my wife you can sing for charity, you can run a church choir, you can teach the little daughters of the poor, you can!"

"And all on your money! If you really loved me all these years as you say you did why did you wait to tell me until—until—all our money was gone and I was poor as a church mouse?" demanded Judith, forgetting her more present vexations in the old grievance.

Dick turned suddenly grave. "I wanted you to have your fling. I think every girl should. It's wrong to marry the first man who keeps you supplied in violets and things. You may find out that American Beauties and another man are preferable after you've been out a year or two. And I wanted my wife for keeps, not for a brief honeymoon. I wanted!"

Judith rose abruptly. "I know it all by heart, and so I'm going over to see Mrs. Drake about the bowl and glasses."

"Really, from what I've heard of critics and writers and other bohemians, I should certainly advise a strong dash of rum in the bowl."

His tone was light, but behind it lay conviction, and Judith flushed vividly. "I might have expected you'd say something nasty. Of course all the big people in music and art are not branded 'drawing room' but they do things. And, oh, Dick, I want to do something. I want to show the world that my education was not all veneer—that it is practical."

Dick's eyes softened as they always did at an appeal from Judith.

"May I come? I've never seen the lions of the musical menagerie, and I promise solemnly that I will not propose to you until it is all over."

"That sounds like my old Dick. You may come and see the menagerie and—well, I won't scold if you propose after it is all over."

Judith's world had gasped when she had fled the prosperous New England city after her father's death and established herself in New York as a teacher of music. It was all entirely unnecessary. There were relatives—and Dick Sanderson.

The relatives on the whole were relieved. Dick Sanderson spent most of his time in New York for the purpose, as he expressed it to himself, of counteracting the influences of studio life.

Judith and her mother had a cunning little apartment in an eminently respectable neighborhood, and Judith had a few very prompt pupils. And now she was giving the first of a series of evenings at home. She had met many clever men and women at other "at homes" the season before and had scattered her invitations broadcast.

"You'd better not come too early, Dick," she called after the persistent one as he went down the narrow hall. "I do love some 'homey' people to talk it over with on the finish."

"All right. I'll hold back as long as I can."

But when Mrs. Drake came in with the bowl and glasses the rooms were a mass of ferns and flowers—from Dick.

"How lovely!" she exclaimed. "Flowers do give a room such an air. It makes me feel worse than ever that we cannot come tonight. But every other Tuesday, have you not?"

Judith nodded her head absently. She was trying to decide between a plain or lace centerpiece under the bowl. And not for worlds would she admit that she was disappointed. Mr. Drake was the critic on a prominent paper, and she wanted to cultivate critics.

"So sorry," she murmured perfunctorily. "I hope Mr. Drake is not ill."

"No, but some out of town relatives are coming, and they are not the sort to understand our slipping away. But we'll surely come next time. I understand that Miss Morton, the new English violinist, is to receive with you?"

"Yes; we studied together in Paris."

At 8:30 they were all in line, Mrs. Brainard in pearly silk and real lace, Miss Morton oddly English as to costume, delightfully alive as to the pleasure of the evening, and Judith a dream in black net and violets, her eyes agleam with anticipation. Everything was typical of New England and most unbohemian, even the little white capped maid engaged for the occasion.

Nine o'clock, and the trio found it

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Plated Tin Spoons.

Here is one way of making spoons, the process described being used in the manufacture of one variety of tin plated spoons.

In its original form the material from which these spoons are made comes in long thin strips of steel rolled to a uniform thickness. The strips are twelve or fifteen feet in length and of a width sufficient for the length of the spoon to be made. These strips are fed into a cutting machine, which cuts off pieces, each of sufficient size for making a spoon, these being simply so many small, flat pieces of sheet steel.

Then these blanks are put through a grader, a machine with powerful rolls, which so works the metal as to make it thinner in those parts of the blank that are to form the bowl and the handle of the spoon and thicker in the middle of the length of the blank from which the shank of the spoon will be made, so that it will be the better able to bear the bending strain that will be put upon the spoon in use.

From the grader the blank goes into a drop press, which cuts it into the outline form of a spoon, though from this press it comes out still flat.

Then in another press the bowl of the spoon is formed, and then in still another the handle, and so at last you have the spoon in its complete spoon shape in steel, ready now to be plated by dipping it in molten tin.

Martin's Way.

Irishmen are inclined to word perversion; but, says a writer, the following description of slow speech which often degenerated into a stammer shows that occasionally they use the best words possible in explaining a thing:

"It's a quare sort uv way Martin talks," said Pat. "It's as if he tuk the words out uv his mou't an' loked at 'em before he gives 'em to yez."

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SETTLED OUT OF COURT

(Original.)
"Marry him, madam," said the attorney. "There's no other way out of the difficulty."

"Marry that old rascal? Never! But, supposing I should consent to your plan, how could I marry a man with whom I have had legal quarrels for years?"

"Any woman is more than a match for man, especially for a superannuated man. Let me see. You are forty-five. Bless me, you don't look it! He is thirty years your senior. He'll not live long."

Mrs. Peabody promised to think of the matter and was not long in taking the attorney's advice. She wrote old Codman a letter, which she showed to her niece, Elizabeth Ward, who lived with her, but the girl told her that it was too cold, matter of fact and generally unromantic, whereupon the elder woman charged her niece to write such a letter as she would herself send to a man she admired. The result was an epistle that warmed old Ephraim Codman from the tips of his toes to the crown of his hairless head. There was no business in it, but it tended to bring about a conclusion of the lawsuit. The letter was handed with the morning's mail to Mr. Codman by his grandson and heir, Louis, who acted as his secretary. Louis opened all letters before submitting them. Indeed, he read Mrs. Peabody's to his grandfather, whose suit was inadequate to decipher a woman's handwriting. The old man, fearing that a matrimonial alliance might not please his heir, undertook to make the reply himself, but Louis intercepted the reply and sent one that he had written himself. For reasons of his own he poured out just such words as he would write to his own ladylove.

Then followed a correspondence that would warm hearts frozen for centuries. Miss Ward would write Mrs. Peabody's letters, read them to her aunt for approval and mail them.

"The old fool," the lady would exclaim, "to be caught by such chaff! It's lucky, Betty, I have you to write these letters. I never could do it in the world." Then when the replies arrived it would be: "How sickening! I wonder if he will expect me to listen to that rubbish when we are married? However, he will pay well for the privilege. He is sure to win his case in the end, and that will bankrupt us; whereas this marriage will make us rich. You'll be well paid for your letter writing, Betty. I shall settle \$100 a year on you for dress."

"How generous you are, auntie! You are always thinking of others; never of yourself."

And so the correspondence went on, growing warmer the while, till at last there came a proposition of marriage. In it was nothing of the business proposition Mrs. Peabody had intended to call forth, but an ardent love such as a

young man would pour out to a young girl. "I shall love you," the old man said, "in your youth and cherish you in your old age." The lady threw down the letters, muttering: "Not in my old age, you old fool! You'll be under ground twenty years before I'm an old woman!"

When Miss Ward handed her aunt the reply she had written Mrs. Peabody commented on it. "If he were a young man, Bett, it would be lovely. There's some excuse for him, after all, considering how sweetly you write."

Then came the arrangements for the first meeting between the principals, who had never met except in court, where they had glared at each other. Mr. Codman wrote that he would call at 11 in the morning of a certain day, and since he was subject to a temporary indisposition his grandson would accompany him.

"Temporary indisposition?" exclaimed Mrs. Peabody. "He'll bring his grandson to hold him up! Write him that owing to a superabundance of maidenly modesty I shall have my niece with me at the meeting."

The girl, laughing merrily, drew away to write the last letter of this unique correspondence before an engagement, and Mrs. Peabody went to her room to prepare for the ordeal.

When Mr. Codman's carriage drove up to Mrs. Peabody's door the sun was shining, the birds were singing—indeed, everything portended a betrothal of a youthful pair. Louis Codman alighted, got his grandfather out of the carriage and supported him into the house. Mrs. Peabody and her niece received them in the drawing room. The old man was trying to say something gallant when his grandson interrupted him.

"Grandfather," said he, "permit me. I am about to make an announcement to you and Mrs. Peabody jointly. When Mrs. Peabody's first letter came I recognized in it the genuine freshness of a young girl. I answered it for its recipient in the same strain. Miss Elizabeth Peabody and I have been corresponding over the heads of our elders, we have exchanged likenesses and have frequently met. The proposition is to unite the separate interests now pending. I have a few days ago secured an order from the court of chancery placing the management of the Codman estates in my hands on account of the failing health of my grandfather. If the matter is to be settled out of court it must be settled with me. Mrs. Peabody, I have the honor to ask the hand of your niece in marriage."

The old man cast a feeble inquiring glance at his grandson, and Mrs. Peabody uttered an exclamation of relief. "With all my heart," she exclaimed. The septuagenarian cast another feeble glance at his grandson and, placing his hand on his heart, said: "Mine too." HELOISE AMES.

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FINED A FRANC.

What That Meant to an American Who Was Living in Paris.

When you are fined a franc in Paris it means that you pay 12 francs 73 centimes, or just over half a sovereign. This is the only conclusion to which one can come after reading the curious experience of an American citizen who is staying in Paris to complete the education of his sons. He lives in an apartment near the Arc de Triomphe, and the other morning one of his servants committed the imprudence of shaking a carpet out of the window after 9 o'clock. A lynx-eyed constable saw her and immediately climbed the stairs, rang the bell, entered the apartment and drew up a summons against the tenant. The American was called and gave his name.

"I did not know it was a breach of the law," he said. "But as I have broken it I must pay. How much is it?"

"You will be fined 1 franc," replied the policeman.

"There you are," answered the American, and he held out the coin.

But the "agent" refused to take it. "Later on," he remarked as he withdrew, "you will be summoned before the justice of the peace."

Some days later the delinquent was invited to appear before the "juge de paix" and obeyed the summons. He was obliged to wait three hours in an antechamber. Then he was admitted.

"Do you admit," asked the magistrate, "having broken the law?"

"I do," was the reply.

"Good. You are fined 1 franc."

"There you are, then," said the American again held out the franc.

But the magistrate would have none of it.

"You will pay the sum later. You will be advised when. You may withdraw."

The American took his departure, considerably surprised at so many formalities in connection with a fine.

A few days later he received a stamped paper inviting him to pay.

First of all, 1 franc, the amount of his fine, plus 25 centimes, the amount of the decimes, plus 11 francs 48 centimes, the amount of the costs, making in all a total of 12 francs 73 centimes.

The American paid, but as he left the police court he remarked:

"In America a law which forced a citizen to pay \$12 when he had only been fined \$1 would be considered a hypocritical and dishonest law. And we would not tolerate it long, you bet!"—London Globe.

HE HAD TO PAY.

Half a Dollar That the Traveling Man Hated to Spend.

"The 50 cents I hated most to spend," said the traveling man, "went to the Canadian Pacific railroad. I don't mind paying for things I get, but this particular expenditure couldn't be pardoned for value received."

"A number of us got into St. John, N. B., one night just in time to catch the night train for Boston. We got aboard only to learn that the train didn't carry a dinner. Now, a long night ride without dinner isn't a pleasant prospect, so we beseeched the conductor."

"Why don't you start on the Montreal real, which pulls out just ahead of us?" he said. "It carries a dinner, and we can pick you up at Fredericton Junction."

"No danger of our passing us?" we asked, and he assured us that he couldn't very well, as there was only one track. So we all piled out after leaving our baggage in our Pullman berths.

"It was surely a fine scheme we thought as we dined at our leisure in the Montreal train. After dinner we sought the nearest smoking compartment in a sleeping car and prepared to wait in comfort for Fredericton Junction."

"Then along comes a much uniformed official and demands 50 cents each for the privilege of eating a meal and having a smoke aboard his train. We explained carefully that we belonged on the other train, had given up the price for Pullman berths, and, furthermore, that we had been sent aboard this train for the sole purpose of getting our dinner. 'Didn't the Canadian Pacific run both trains?' we asked."

"But it was no use. We had to pay,"—Washington Post.

Bismarck's Appetite.

Bismarck, the Iron Chancellor, had an enormous capacity for eating and drinking. He once told a friend that the largest number of oysters he ever ate was 175. He first ordered twenty-five; then, as they were very good, fifty more, and, consuming these, determined to eat nothing else and ordered another hundred to the great amusement of those present. Bismarck was then twenty-six and had just returned from England.

Classified.

One-third of the fools in this country think they can beat the lawyer in expounding the law, one-half think they can beat the doctor at healing the sick, two-thirds of them think they can beat the minister in preaching the gospel, and all of them know that they can beat the editor in running the newspaper.—London Tit-Bits.

Shameless.

Persons belonging to the higher walks of life are to be seen promenading in short jackets and chimneypot hats without the slightest symptom of awkwardness or shame.—London Tatlor and Cutter.

Half of our diseases are in our minds, and the other half are in our houses.—Ernest Seton Thompson.

COUNTY NEWS

As Reported by Hustling Correspondents.

CARPENTERSVILLE

M. A. Pickel and H. O. Dawson were at Indianapolis Saturday.

Miss Pearl Mann is visiting at Indianapolis.

A few from here attended the horse show at Crawfordsville last Thursday.

Miss Carrie Brown visited home-folks over Sunday.

John Averitt and wife and granddaughter Judith McMurtry spent Sunday at J. L. Witt's.

Mr. Hodge and James Hodge of Putnamville and Woods Batman, Jr. and wife spent Sunday at Henry Pearce's.

Blanche Gillen was the guest of Margaret Pickel Saturday night.

Frank Young and family visited at Fincastle Sunday.

Several went from here to the ball game at Fincastle Sunday. New Market played Fincastle.

Mrs. Jeff Job of Roachdale called on her father James Turner Friday morning.

Frank Pearce and family of Indianapolis visited Mrs. S. O. Pearce over Sunday.

Willie Young and wife spent Sunday at Squire Young's.

Miss Merle Moore of Lafayette is visiting at Wm. Watson's.

Martin McFerran and family and Chas. Allen and family spent Sunday at C. C. Bridges.

Dobby Collins and Etta McFadden called on Oke Witt Sunday evening.

Miss Lora Young visited Mr. and Mrs. Willie Young south of Fincastle this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Perkins visited at John Perkins' over Sunday.

Rev. W. F. Clark called at W. W. Dawson's Monday morning.

Mrs. Mollie Young and son Forest spent Monday at John Jeffries at Roachdale.

Miss Mattie Willis was at home from Crawfordsville over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Weaver of Danville visited at Robert Walker's Sunday.

Miss Lillie Anderson is staying at her grandfather's Mrs. Eli Anderson who had the misfortune to get her arm broken Sunday night. The accident occurred as she was going home from church. It was caused by a frightened horse backing a buggy against her this knocking her down which broke her arm.

Mrs. Chas. Coffman remains critically ill with but little hopes for her recovery.

Marion Trevis of Monticello visited at Eli Anderson's the first of the week.

Mrs. Milt Brothers of Bainbridge spent last Tuesday with Mr. J. L. Witt's.

Workmen are here tearing down the Presbyterian church to move it to Beach Grove.

HEBRON

Children exercises at the new church next Sunday night.

Lots of clover hay being put up this week.

Lesta McGaughey brought his wife down from Michigan, to visit with home folks, they will reside in Michigan this winter.

Jesse Leonard of N. C. is visiting his brother S. J. Leonard here.

Mrs. Martha Clodfelter and daughters of Russell Center visited at Ed Clodfelter's last week.

Mrs. Steele and daughter's of Iowa visited at Jno Carrington's last week.

Thinks It Saved His Life.

Lester M. Nelson, of Naples, Main, says in a recent letter: "I have used Dr. King's New Discovery many years, for coughs and colds, and I think it saved my life. I have found it a reliable remedy for throat and lung complaints, and would not more be without a bottle than I would without food." For nearly forty years New Discovery has stood at the head of throat and lung remedies. As a preventive of pneumonia, and a healer of weak lungs it has no equal. Sold under guarantee at The Owl Drug Store, 50 cents and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

Difference in Lies.

An Englishman who is notorious for his weird falsehoods returned recently to his home in Nottingham, England, from abroad and gave a party in honor of the event to his friends. He told them during the course of the evening of the wonderful things he had seen during his travels. Speaking of churches in Spain, he said there was one "a mile and a half long." "Bless my heart," said a person present who knew better. "And how broad was it?" "About ten yards," replied the traveler. Whereupon the questioner replied in a whisper to a friend, "Well, this is a confounded lie, but it differs from his other lies, which are general as broad as they are long."

NORTH WASHINGTON

The ladies of the M. E. Church cleared about \$28 at their ice cream supper.

Good crowd at the S. S. Sunday morning.

Not many at church Sunday night on account of children services at Manhattan.

Nice rain Friday and corn is growing nice.

Cora and Lizzie Urton took dinner with their cousin Josie Brown Sunday.

Wm. Akers is not so well the last few days.

There will be a baptizing at Reelsville July 5th, also church next Sunday morning.

Mary and Cora Burk visited Josie Brown last Sunday.

Cora and Lizzie Urton went to Brazil Monday evening. They went on the interurban.

Get your glass smoked ready to see the eclipse of the Sun, next Sunday.

Sunday S. Convention at Manhattan July 5th all are invited.

Miss Cleo Rollings went to Greencastle last Sunday.

John Urton, Jr. spent last Sunday with Tom Brown.

William McMurtry and wife went to Brazil Monday.

Belle Reed went to Greencastle to nurse Mrs. Samuel Harrie.

Wm. Fisher and wife took dinner at his brother Fred's last Sunday day.

PLEASANT GARDEN

Children exercises at Croys Creek last Sunday.

Guy Smith is working in a restaurant at Logansport.

We were sorry to hear of the death of Robert McCarty. He had lived in Washington township some time.

Mrs. Levi Sears and Mrs. Thomas Miller are visiting friends in Boone and Harrison county.

A large crowd went to Manhattan on Sunday afternoon to the children exercises.

C. A. Sears made a flying visit home on Sunday morning and back Sunday afternoon.

Park Gasaway and wife of Brazil spent a day or two with Mrs. C. A. Sears.

The farmers have commenced to cut hay, wheat and the mill will be grinding soon.

Thomas Harper is on the sick list.

Mrs. C. F. Sears has returned to her home after spending three or four weeks in Waynetown with her relatives.

Mac Foster says it is W. J. Bryan for president.

BLACK HAWK

Wheat cutting is in full blast and the thresher will soon be heard in all parts.

Rev. Tabor preached to a large crowd at Mill Creek church Sunday he will preach there again the 3rd Sunday of July.

Fred Crouse of Brazil visited in this corner on Saturday and Sunday.

The storm on last Friday night did considerable damage in this corner.

Several from this part attended the K. of P. Decoration services at the K. of P. hall Sunday evening.

Jack Huffman made a business trip to Indianapolis one day last week.

Ross Harris has gone to Illinois to work.

A Grand Family Medicine.

"It gives me pleasure to speak a good word for Electric Bitters," writes Mr. Frank Conlan of No. 436 Houston Street, New York. "It's a grand family medicine for dyspepsia and liver complications; while for lame back and weak kidneys it cannot be too highly recommended." Electric Bitters regulate the digestive functions, purify the blood, and impart renewed vigor and vitality to the weak and debilitated of both sexes. Sold under guarantee at the Owl Drug Store, 50 cents.

Filial Love.

That's a pathetic story of the Gourdon fishing boat crew. The Gourdon boat was manned by a father and his four sons: When the boat sank three of the latter went with her. The old man got an oar, and soon the fourth son appeared by his side. But the oar could support only one, and the lad, taking in the situation at once, bade his parent farewell in the words, "Weel, weel, father, I maun jist awa," and sank. Only readers familiar with the northern dialect will fully appreciate the depth of kindly resignation and true feeling which the words denote. The father endured terrible sufferings, but was ultimately picked up. "Greater love hath no man than this."—Westminster Gazette.

SCHNITZ UND KLASE.

Treat the Gods Missed, but Procurable in the Mohawk Valley.

Something in the line of good things to eat the gods never had; consequently the gods missed a great treat. And, by the way, friend, have you ever hooked up to a dish of schnitz und klase?

No? Thought so. Few have in these times, and those who have been so fortunate have just cause to recall a delicious morsel time can never erase from the tablets of memory.

You can order schnitz und klase until you faint, famished, awaiting it. You will never get it in any public eating place. It isn't on the bill of fare and never will be.

The up to date chef would give you the laugh if you asked him to concoct it for you. Ten chances to one he'd not understand what schnitz und klase could possibly mean. Few know, but those who do know it know it well.

A good big ham bone is the central portion, light dumplings and dried apples. Anything else would spoil it.

The ham bone gives the dish a smoky flavor, the dumplings give it body, and the dried apples give it color and tartness as well as sauce.

Put the ham bone in cold water and open the dices and let the pot boil. While the pot is getting into good and ready shape make your dumplings, and make them as light as possible.

Put the dried apples in a separate dish and stew them down to a nicety. When the pot with the ham bone bubbles and froths drop in the dumplings one by one. No; you do not stir the contents of the pot. That would spoil the consistency of the dumplings and make a mess.

Any one who has watched a pot boil knows when dumplings are done to a dot.

Take a deep platter, fish out the dumplings carefully with a drain spoon and place them about the ham bone in the center of the platter. Looks dry, but when you pour over all the dried apples and their nice sauce—wow!

That's schnitz und klase as you may have had it years ago when living with a German family in the Mohawk valley. You can eat it until your eyes start out and your waistband grips your middle. It will stay by you through a hard day's work, and if there is any left over you hit it again for supper cold.

Ever try it?—New York Sun.

ONLY A GUESS.

But It Made Good Advance Information for the Reporter.

Nels Olsen, who was for forty years a trusted employee of the New York Yacht club, was always courteous to newspaper men and glad to give them such information as he could with propriety make public. He was sorely beset by news gatherers while the Dunraven trial was going on, and often said to the reporters, with a smile, that he regretted his "ignorance." On the evening of Feb. 27, 1890, when the members of the club met at the old clubhouse in Madison avenue, there was much quiet excitement because it was well known that the question of Dunraven's expulsion would come up. An enterprising reporter stopped Olsen as he came through the door and asked: "Do you think they'll expel his lordship?"

Olsen said, "How do I know?" and then added, "Did you ever read this?" and handed to the young man a clipping from the Tribune which read:

For Dunraven, never tumbled, still is grumbling, still is mumbering. In his lordly ancient castles over on the distant shore, And his talks have all the seeming of a daff and jealous seaman.

And the X rays through him streaming show he's unfair at the core, And because the Yacht club knows him—knows he's unfair at the core—He will race here—nevermore.

Half an hour later the meeting was called to order, and within twenty minutes a resolution was adopted stripping Dunraven of his honorary membership privileges. When the reporter saw Olsen he said, "That was good advance information," to which he replied, "I never give information; that was a guess."—New York Tribune.

Only the Odd Ones.

Very few of the American tourists who come to England fail to visit Westminster abbey. The long history of the venerable pile appeals strongly to our visitors from the other side of the Atlantic. One lady student while within the abbey looked about with the particular object of inspecting the tomb of King Edward II. Failing to discover it after patient search, she at last asked the vergier to direct her to it. "I'm sorry, madam," replied the officer, with a tone of deep regret, "but we haven't Edward II. here, as we only have the odd numbers."—London Express.

Making a Show.

"A man has to draw it fine these days."

"What do you mean?"

"Staying ten minutes after office hours each day will probably make a good impression, but staying fifteen is liable to excite suspicion that you are monkeying with your books."—Kansas City Journal.

Cynical.

The Maid—Do you believe it's unlucky to get married on a Friday? The Abominable Bachelor—Certainly. Why should Friday be an exception?—Black and White.

The Denial Habit.

"Do you take this woman to be your lawful wedded wife?"

"No, sir; there's no truth in the rumor—that is to say, I do."—Pittsburg Post.

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7:15 a. m. 7:00 a. m.

8:15 a. m. 8:00 a. m.

9:15 a. m. 9:00 a. m.

10:15 a. m. 10:00 a. m.

11:15 a. m. 11:00 a

LOCAL AND PERSONAL HAPPENINGS

What Greencastle People and Their Friends Are Doing

J. M. Allen was in Indianapolis today.

Miss Lucy Allen is the guest of Chicago friends.

J. P. Allee transacted business in Indianapolis today.

Miss Katherine Daggy is the guest of Indianapolis friends.

John Sadler and son, Harold Theodore spent the day in Indianapolis.

Miss Florence Dunbar has returned from a visit with friends in Paris, Ill.

Miss Lucile Marshall of Terre Haute is the guest of Miss Margaret Baker.

Mrs. Mary Matern of Sandusky, Ohio, is the guest of her daughter Mrs. J. R. Weaver.

Mrs. Gussie Baker who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Osterom have returned home.

Harry Quigg was in Indianapolis yesterday to attend the wedding of his sister, Miss Mary Quigg.

Mrs. J. T. Chavis and Mrs. James Coffman and baby daughter are visiting friends at Terre Haute.

O. F. Connell of Evansville who has been making views for post-cards here returned this morning to his home.

Mrs. Johanna Johnston and daughter, Miss Emma are visiting Mrs. Johnston's son Jas. Johnston at Indianapolis.

The Ladies' Whist Club will be entertained by Mrs. C. C. Hurst at her home on Franklin street tomorrow afternoon.

The Misses Mary and Cora Burks have returned from Blomington where they attended the commencement of Indiana University.

Mr. and Mrs. Strenns of Indianapolis attended the wedding of their son, Rudolph Strenns to Miss Grace Houghland here last evening.

The prayer meeting of the Presbyterian church will be held this evening in the lecture room of the church, a full attendance is requested.

The Ladies' Home and Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian church will meet Friday June 26th, at 2:30 p. m. with Mrs. Van Dyke at the parsonage.

Carl Andrews, a former DePauw student, better known as "Dookie" was here last evening visiting Greencastle friends. Mr. Andrews is now a professor in a western school and was on his way to his former home in Brookville, Ind.

Mrs. F. C. Tilden and children leave tomorrow for Maryville, Tenn., where she will spend part of the summer. Miss Eva Tilden and Miss Emma Tilden who have been visiting here for the past two weeks will accompany Mrs. Tilden.

Mrs. C. L. Massey and children, Kathleen and Tarvin who have been visiting with Mrs. Massey's parents Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Grooms, left this morning for Leroy, Ill., where they will visit a few days with friends before returning to their home at Kansas City, Mo.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Thomas and family, who have been visiting in Carrolltown, Pa., for seven weeks have returned here. Mr. Thomas is with C. A. Sims and Co. Construction Company and has charge of the machinery that company has stored near Fern.

The Theata summer club picniced at Fern today.

Miss Ruth Harland returned today from Danville, Ill.

Ralph Gwin, of New York City arrived here yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. Elizabeth Evans and children will spend the summer in Douglas, Kan.

Mr. and Mrs. Ves Miller have moved from 409 Elm street to 402 Elm street.

Mrs. Walter Brown and Mrs. Adams are visiting friends at Scottsburg Ind.

The Cabinet Factory will resume work next Monday, running with full force and full time.

Miss Bess Starr returned to her home at Bainbridge after a short visit with friends here.

Charley Broadstreet and John Sutherland were at Russellville today to attend the horse show there.

Walter Burks, a former teacher of Putnam county graduated with the class of 1908 at Indiana University.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hayden left today for Memphis, Tenn., accompanied by Mrs. Hayden's two brothers.

Mrs. F. C. Tilden, Miss Eva Tilden and Miss Emma Tilden heard Maude Adams in Twelfth night in Indianapolis yesterday.

Misses Jeneferde Linengood and Jennie Wilkey, of Covington are visiting Misses Ruby Ratcliff and Josephine Harrie.

Miss Edith Tompkins and Clara Hodshire have returned from Terre Haute where they have been attending the State Normal.

Miss Mary Hyten who was in school here this year, returned today to her home at Ladoga after a visit with friends at Oakland City.

Mrs. Bates and Miss Mary Ferguson of Sandusky, Ohio, are visiting Mrs. J. R. Weaver, who is Mrs. Bates sister and Miss Ferguson's aunt.

W. L. Suddarth is doing duty as special night policeman. He will serve until a regular officer is appointed. Mr. Suddarth went on duty last night.

Mrs. Florence Dunbar has returned from Paris, Ill., where she visited Mr. and Mrs. Charles Levings. Mr. Levings formerly attended the university here.

Mrs. C. C. Connelly and her guest Mrs. J. Whitman of New York, have returned from Bloomington where they attended the State University commencement exercises.

An auto party, consisting of Mrs. Fred Goodwine, Miss Hazel Bridges and Miss Longcope, went to Indianapolis last evening in Mr. Goodwine's auto. They attended the performance of Twelfth-night at English's.

Mayor Hays has received copies of the report of the proceedings of the convocation of the Grand Commandery Knights Templar at Winona Lake on June 10, 11, 12. The meeting was the 54th annual convocation. The report is quite voluminous affair.

Calvin W. Prather of Anderson, Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Knights Templar, was here this morning on official business. He arrived early this morning and after calling on Mayor Hays and other knights here left at 9:15 o'clock for Indianapolis.

PHONE 27.

SOUTH END MEAT MARKET

CHARLES. T. VANCEAVE, Prop.

Largest, Finest, Cleanest Market in the city.

Choice Home Killed Stock

Pig Pork, Veal, Mutton, Hams and Bacon Dressed Poultry

Try our Winter Rendered Lard

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ICE CREAM

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25 Cents a Quart

Delivered to any part of town, any time, any day.

BADGER & GREEN

West Side Square

Tom Bolasis spent the day in Indianapolis.

Miss Gladys Rogers is pledged to the F. G. J's.

T. J. Bridges of Putnamville was in town today.

Joe Cooper, of Indianapolis is here visiting friends.

Ben Blumberg of Terre Haute visited Phil Psi brothers today.

A drilled well is being driven on the lot back of the McWethy laundry.

Henry Werneke, Albert and Harold Deyo, spent the day on Little Walnut.

Mrs. Mary B. Tucker of Salem, Ind., is the guest of her son Dr. W. W. Tucker.

The Calumets and Masons are planning a baseball game to be played next week.

Mrs. R. P. Carpenter and daughter went to Crawfordsville today for a few days visit.

Jim Hurst and U. V. O'Daniels went to Russellville today to attend the horse show.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferd Lucas have returned from Bloomington where they attended I. U. commencement.

Darnall, Dick and Joe, sons of W. L. Denman went today to Judson, where they will visit with their aunt Mrs. Will Peyton.

Ike Kahn, of Indianapolis, who has been visiting friends here, returned to his home last night. Mr. Kahn formerly lived in Greencastle.

Fruitless Plants.

The knowledge that the common white potato seldom produces fruit is so widely diffused that the barrenness of the plant causes no comment. Indeed, since the tubers in a measure function as seeds we have partially transferred the name to them. It is usual to speak of potatoes intended for planting as "seed potatoes." Real potato seeds may be found, however, if one searches the potato fields long enough, and from such seeds new strains of potatoes may be raised.

The potato is not alone in its strange ways. Many other plants, of which the ground nut and lily of the valley are good examples, rarely produce seeds. It is noticeable that all such plants have other excellent and efficient means of propagation, and it may be assumed that finding one method requiring less effort than the other they have generally adopted it.

When plants have more than one means of multiplying, as, for instance, seeds above ground and tubers or runners below ground, they usually subserve two distinct uses, those below ground serving to multiply the plant in its own locality and those above giving it a chance of gaining a foothold in distant lands.—American Botanist.

Old Sword Blades.

Rough as the fighters of old were, the inscriptions which they put on their swords often showed not only considerable poetic instinct, but sentimentality. "Faithful in adversity" is such a sentence engraved on an old sword of the seventeenth century. In a collection of blades of the sixteenth century are these inscriptions:

"I quarrel." "God give me speed that my foe be beat indeed." "With this defense and God's will all my enemies I shall still." "In battle I will let my self be used." "When I my sword uplift in strife, God give the sinner eternal life." "Trust in God, bravely war; therein your fame and honor are." "Your aim alone be God's great name. Who dares deny strike thou him lame." "Every soldier fine look on this sign and use his hand for God and the land." On blades from the eighteenth century are these inscriptions: "Nothing better in the world thou hast than to hold love and friendship fast." "I serve." "A good blade I. Who would deny let him meet me, and I will hold it will cost him or blood or gold."

Ellis—Figures won't lie. Stella—I used to believe that, but it was before I saw you in bathing.—Judge.

For the Kidneys, Bladder and Rheumatism. RELIEVES

Pineules BACK-ACHE

For Sale by Badger & Green

A Cool Thief.

One summer afternoon an exceptionally well dressed stranger was seen to enter the front gate of a house in a wealthy neighborhood. He walked to the door and tried to open it with a key. As he could not do so he went around to a window and, pushing it open, climbed in through it. It was a suspicious proceeding, but as the man was dressed in the height of fashion the officer on the beat thought that it was the owner of the house, who, having forgotten his key, had used the window as his means of entrance. However, the officer thought it best to watch the place for awhile to see if anything out of the way might occur. A short time later, emerging from the front door, the stranger stopped as if some one had spoken to him from within, and, saying "Yes, Bess, I have my key this time," he lifted his hat and walked slowly away. Some hours later, when the real owner of the house returned, the policeman learned that his first suspicions had been correct, for the well dressed stranger had walked off with the jewelry and everything of value that he could lay his kid gloved hands upon.—Chicago Tribune.

Milking the Cow.

"Milkmen have different ways of managing their cows, but generally they feed each cow and begin milking as soon as the cow begins to eat," says a dairyman. "The milkier hurries to get through, too, because if the cow finishes her breakfast before the milker has done his work she extorts more feed by holding back her milk, so must be fed again to keep her in good humor. Some milkmen do their milking first and then feed immediately, and cows that are accustomed to this treatment generally give down their milk cheerfully, for they know that milking is a prelude to the feeding. It all depends on habit and the way the cows are treated, for a cow is much smarter than she looks and more grateful than most persons would believe. So long as the cows know they are not going to be struck or beaten they will neither kick nor hook. An experienced milkman will never allow any loud talking or excitement about his barns, for the quieter the cows are kept the greater the quantity of milk and the easier the work."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Greater Danger.

There was never a more conscientious young man than Eben Soule, and when he found how much absorbed he had become with the mere idea of playing in the town band he consulted his minister. "Do you reckon I could give up all that time to music without falling from grace?" he asked anxiously.

The good old Methodist had a saving sense of humor. He saw that his parishioner was much distressed between his wishes and his conscience, but the minister smiled on him nevertheless.

"It's the horn you're asked to play, I hear," he said. "Ever had much experience with it, Eben?"

"Never tried it but once, but I like the sound of it first rate," said the young man.

"M'm!" said the minister. "Well, I think you needn't be afraid of falling from grace on account of it, but I do hope you'll manage things so your family and neighbors won't have to pass through the fiery temptation of hearing you practice too often, Eben."—Exchange.

The Artless Red Indian.

The influence of the fur trader and the mission schools has had a marked effect upon the Ontario Indians. They have to a large extent adopted modern dress, and many of the young men can be found at work in the sawmills and as river drivers. The women, too, manage to keep step with their lords in this march toward civilized appearance. I have seen moccasined feet peeping from beneath the folds of velvet gowns of royal purple. On the bank of Rainy river I came upon a community of wigwags and teepees. About an open fire crouched three old hags, filthy and hideous, but in the door of a teepee not ten feet away stood a young squaw, perhaps a daughter of one of the hags, doing her hair with a curling iron.—Wide World Magazine.

Some Meteors.

One of the earliest known meteors fell in 204 B. C. in Phrygia, where for a long time it was worshipped. It was carried to Rome and was supposed to be a messenger from the gods. Livy describes a shower of meteoric stones. The people were greatly alarmed, and the senators were demoralized and declared a nine days' festival to propitiate the gods. There is at Mecca a meteorite which fell in 600 A. D. and is still worshipped by the faithful.

Sacrificed to the Nile.

The ancient Egyptians, if they did not worship the river Nile, held it in great veneration and even dread. The Nile had its appointed priests, festivals and sacrifices, and if its rising was delayed for a single day a beautiful young girl was thrown into its waters and drowned in order to appease the god's anger and secure his favors.

Waiting.

Jack—By the way, how is your suit with Miss Cashleigh progressing? Tom—Slowly. I'm playing a waiting game just now. Jack—A waiting game? Tom—Yes; I'm waiting for her to change her mind.

Punishment.

"Pop!" "Yes, my son." "Did mamma ever punish you?" "Well, she married me, my boy."—Yonkers Statesman.

The fool who is silent passes for wise.—French Proverb.

THE RIDDLE GUESSER.

By BENJAMIN NICHOLSON.

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"Don't tell me you can't make him propose!" snorted Mr. Poole, turning a scowling face on one of his daughters, who was primping before a mirror. "You don't go at it right. Get him in a corner and then look at him just as much as to say, 'What are your intentions?'"

"But how are you going to get him in a corner?"

"There are hundreds of ways. Ask him what he built his new house for and keep on asking questions about it till you get him in a place he can't squirm out of. I know men are dull and mighty provoking at times, but you've got to be patient and help them along."

"Since you think it is so terribly easy to corner him I'll just give you a chance to do it," snapped Miss Leah. "I see him coming through the gate now. I'm going to run upstairs. Tell him I haven't finished dressing."

"Howdy, Mr. King? Come right in. Take off your overcoat, draw a chair up to the fire and make yourself comfortable. Leah will be down shortly. She's not quite through frizzing her hair. Right cold today, isn't it? How's the folks?"

"About as well as common. How're you all?"

"We're all able to be up and stirring around. Ma's complaining, as usual, but not much the matter with her, I guess. I see you got the last coat of paint on your new house. Must have been pretty cold up on the top of that ladder, wasn't it? Says I to Leah the other day when I got home, 'If Mr. King doesn't catch his death of cold it'll be a wonder to me!'"

"Would you believe it? She got that badly scared about you that she had her ma make up a batch of her celebrated cold cure and then asked me



"WILL YOU GIVE HER TO ME FOR MY WIFE?" to take it over to you. But I told her that most folks had their own cold cure and wouldn't think of taking anybody else's."

"But I didn't get a cold." "Leah will be mighty glad to hear that. 'Pa,' says she the very last thing before she went upstairs, 'If Mr. King's got a cold holler up and tell me, because I'm so worried about him.'"

"But I didn't get a cold." "That's too bad—er—I mean, of course, it's too bad that I went and scared Leah so. But we were talking about your new house. What was your terrible rush to get that last coat of paint on?"

"Not that I know of. I just wanted to get through. And now at last I'm beginning to feel as if I were ready to live."

"Don't you need something besides a house? See if you can't think of something you're still short of." "I can't say that I can." "Something that stays in the house."

"Well, I got my ma to make out a list of the things she thought I'd need, and I turned it over to Burkey and had him fill it out."

"Maybe the thing I have in mind is not to be had at Burkey's."

"I must say if it can't be bought at Burkey's it must be something unusual. But don't tell me what it is. I'm a terrible fellow for guessing riddles and solving puzzles and such like. I never heard tell of a riddle that I couldn't guess."

"Well, a lot of men have got gray trying to solve this one. But dive in; maybe you can. I don't want to discourage you."

"Is it found in most houses?" "No, not all. Old bachelors seem to think that they can get along without them. Whenever they do have one around it's an ugly old thing. I almost said secondhand, but caught myself just in time."

"I reckon you have one?"

"Oh, yes, four. I got one before I started housekeeping."

"Now, that's interesting! Which room do you keep it in?"

"For twenty years I tried to keep it in the kitchen, but as I didn't seem to make any headway I gave up trying. I'm just as liable to find mine in the parlor as anywhere else."

"Is it a bootjack? I don't think Burkey keeps bootjacks."

"Well, if a bootjack is supposed to make life easier for a man, then it's like one in that respect, but it's not a

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ZEIS & CO. PHONE 67.

Monon Route Excursions. To Denver, Pueblo and Colorado Springs Col. account of the Democratic National Convention at Denver, July 1st to 5th, return limit, July 17th, rate \$31.55

To Chicago, account National Convention Independent party, July 25th and 26th, rate \$5.40, return limit July 21st.

To St. Paul Minn., account annual meeting Nobles Mystic Shrine, July 10th, 15th, return limit July 25th, rate \$17.40.

To Yellow Stone National Park, after July 15th, summer rates, round trip \$46.85.

Summer and all year tourist tickets on sale daily to Pacific coast and various health and summer resorts.

J. A. Michael, Agt.

To expand the chest try this exercise: Depress the chest, letting the shoulders come forward, with the head up and back. Raise the chest by muscular effort, not by breathing, to the point of greatest expansion. Raise and lower the chest this way eight times every morning and night.

WANT AD COLUMN

ELECTRIC WIRING—If you are expecting to do any electric wiring, or your lights need attention, see Robert Hanna. All kinds of wiring. Also dealer in electrical fixtures. Phone 141. 6 t71.

LOST—Front of Brown Linen Waist embroidered in Brown. Finder please leave at Red Cross Drug Store. tdl

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